To All That Are Dead

Whitechapel

I am the one who is always exhuming
I am the one you think you see in the darkest of nights
I have yet to reconcile the thoughts within myself
For still I am one with the dead
Oh, sanguine blood of thy corpse
Quench my thirst and stain my skin
Oh, how ironic it is to feel so alive
When you cease to exist

I adore what I have become, I have longed for such a love in my dreams
And my wrath will not subside until this love is mine
Forever I remain the hideous figure treading these unholy grounds
For I have failed the one who has created me
My conscious is telling me to ingest the flesh of the deceased
And with my tongue I shall lick the graves of all who will follow me
Mark my words, they will pay
I still am one with the dead and I swear to all that are dead

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/